

McHeist [A Heist at the Ball Fanfiction]  
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Summary: What if the story was different? What if Innocent, Cinderella, and the rest of the heist crew all make it out of Versailles? What if they fled into the forest and time traveled to 2025 and spawned beside a McDonalds?

## McHeist

"We're rich, Cinderella! We're set for life!" exclaimed Innocent, his eyes gleaming with excitement as he clutched a handful of sparkling jewels. Cinderella, her cheeks flushed and heart racing, nodded fervently. The adrenaline of their successful heist at Versailles still coursed through their veins. They had done it. They had outsmarted the guards and the ever-watchful eyes of the nobility.

Their six-member group, a motley crew of rebels and opportunists, had agreed to meet at the edge of the woods, miles from the palace walls. They were a peculiar sight: their 18th-century garb juxtaposed with the modern contraptions and loot they had acquired. Cinderella, an aristocrat by birth but a thief by choice, couldn't help but feel a twinge of pride. They had pulled off the impossible, and now they would vanish into the night with their newfound wealth.

As they approached the tree line, the woods grew denser, the air thick with the scent of earth and foliage. The moon cast a pale glow through the canopy, illuminating the path ahead. Suddenly, a strange sensation washed over Cinderella, as if the very fabric of reality had rippled. The others must have felt it too, for they exchanged puzzled glances, their smiles fading into expressions of uncertainty.

The next moment, the woods parted before them, revealing a sight so bizarre and out of place that Cinderella had to blink several times to ensure she wasn't dreaming. An enormous, glowing sign proclaimed:

**"Welcome to McDonald's!"**

The air was filled with an unfamiliar hum of machinery and the occasional beep of something she couldn't identify. The group stumbled out of the woods and onto a paved road, the starkness of the neon lights making their eyes water. They had fled from the opulence of Versailles, but now they faced something entirely alien to their time.

The argument began almost immediately. Innocent, ever the charmer, suggested they blend in and beg for food to regain their strength. "We must play the part of peasants," he said, trying to sound knowledgeable about the strange new world. The others were less convinced.

"But what is this...this...place?" demanded Gauchier, the mongrel, holding up a shiny object. Cinderella squinted and realized it was a paper cup. "And what are these...things?"

Violetta, the clever girl with the sharp tongue, snatched the cup from his hand and examined it. "It seems to hold liquid. Perhaps it's a new type of flask for the common folk."

Their banter was interrupted by the sound of a car approaching. It was a sleek, metal beast unlike any carriage Cinderella had ever seen. The headlights grew brighter, casting eerie shadows across their faces. The vehicle screeched to a halt, and a uniformed man stepped out, speaking in a rapid, unintelligible language.

"Mes amis, I think we may have stumbled upon a different sort of treasure," Gauchier said, his voice tight with excitement. "Let's find out what this new world has to offer."

With Innocent leading the way, they approached the McDonald's, the bright lights reflecting off their bewildered faces. The glass windows revealed an interior that looked nothing like the taverns they were accustomed to: gleaming chrome surfaces, plastic chairs, and people of all ages and walks of life, chattering and munching on mysterious food. Cinderella felt a thrill of curiosity mingled with fear.

They entered the bustling establishment, and the chatter dimmed as the patrons took in their archaic attire. The man at the counter stared at them, his eyes wide. "Welcome to McDonald's," he said with a forced smile. "Can I take your order?"

The group huddled together, whispering in hushed tones. Cinderella took a step forward, her voice steady despite the racing thoughts. "We would like... something to eat. What is your finest dish?"

The cashier's smile grew more genuine as he listed off options that sounded like nonsense to Cinderella's ears. "Big Mac, Quarter Pounder, Chicken McNuggets..."

"A Big... what?" Innocent interrupted, his French accent thick. The cashier's eyes darted to the menu behind him, and he pointed to a picture of a sandwich. "Ah, oui, that one. And...what is this 'fries'?"

The cashier's eyes widened slightly, but he remained professional. "Fries are like potatoes, but thinner and fried. They come with the meal."

The group nodded collectively, and Cinderella stepped back to allow Innocent to handle the transaction. He handed over a gold coin, and the cashier's smile faltered before he took it with a shrug. "I'll give you the change, but we don't take those anymore," he said, punching numbers into a glowing screen.

The group watched in amazement as he handed Innocent a paper cup filled with a fizzy brown liquid and a tray of steaming food. The smell was heavenly, a blend of salt and grease that made Cinderella's stomach growl. They retreated to a table in the corner, the plastic squeaking beneath their leather boots.

The first bite was a revelation. The crunch of the fries, the warm, salty meat in the sandwich...it was unlike anything they had ever tasted. The others followed suit, their expressions a mix of disbelief and delight.

As they ate, they couldn't help but marvel at their surroundings. The ease with which the people interacted with the technology, the speed at which their food had been prepared—it was like nothing they had ever experienced. Cinderella felt a pang of homesickness, but Innocent was overridden by the thrill of anonymity.

Their feast was interrupted by the shrill sound of a device in Gauchier's pocket. He jumped, dropping his burger in surprise. "What sorcery is this?"

Violetta, who also happened to be the princess of Versailles, leaned over and plucked the device from his coat. It was a phone, something she had glimpsed in the hands of the palace guards but had never dared touch. She turned it over in her hands, the smooth surface cool to the touch.

"It's a communicator," she said, her voice filled with wonder. "A way to speak with people across great distances. I never thought much of it, but now..."

The others crowded around, their whispers growing louder as they took turns inspecting the device. It was a stark reminder that their world had changed in an instant.

But Cinderella's gaze drifted to the clock on the wall. The numbers meant nothing to her, but she knew time was moving forward, and with it, the danger of being discovered grew. They had to decide what to do next. Should they try to return to their own time, or embrace this brave new world? The future was as unpredictable as the path that had led them here.

As they devoured their food, a plan began to form in Cinderella's mind. They couldn't return to Versailles with their stolen goods. Not only would they be hunted, but they'd be out of place in a world that had moved on centuries without them. They had to blend in, to learn the ways of this time and find a new life for themselves.

Their conversation grew heated as they discussed their next move. Some were eager to explore, while others feared the unknown. The tension grew palpable, their words echoing in the fast-food restaurant that felt like a bubble of normalcy in a sea of the surreal.

Suddenly, a chime rang out from the phone Violetta still held. A message glowed on the screen: "Welcome to the future. Your journey has only just begun." The group stared at the words, a mix of dread and excitement. Who had sent this message? How did they know?

Cinderella felt a hand on her shoulder and turned to find Innocent, his eyes alight with mischief. "We're in this together," he said with a grin. "Let's see where this adventure takes us." The others nodded,

their fear momentarily forgotten. They had survived the dangers of Versailles and the shock of time travel; they could handle anything the 21st century threw at them.

Their laughter and camaraderie drew curious stares from the other patrons, who had grown accustomed to their odd attire. But Cinderella and her companions were beyond caring. They had stumbled into a new era, and they were going to make the most of it.

As they stepped out of the McDonald's into the neon-lit night, Innocent couldn't help but feel a sense of exhilaration. The world was vast and full of potential, and he had been handed the key to unlock it all. They had the power of knowledge, of blending in, of making their mark in a time that had no place for them.

The hum of the cars on the road and the distant sounds of a city alive with activity filled their ears. They had no idea where they were or what they would find, but they knew one thing for certain: they would face it together, as a team of time-lost thieves turned adventurers. The future was theirs to conquer.